NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

JERRY BLAZE

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A Collection of Bizrre Horror

JERRY BLAZE

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CONTENTS

Neighborhood Watch
Jerry Blaze Horror
Also by Jerry Blaze

1. Table of Contents
2. Neighborhood Watch
3. Sunshine
4. A Deadly Snack
5. Cycle of the Mannequin
6. The Looking GlAss

About the Author

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NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

A Collection of Bizarre Horror

By

Jerry Blaze

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JERRY BLAZE HORROR

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ALSO BY JERRY BLAZE

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The Honkening

Deadly Seed

Don't Tell A Soul

The Woods Be Scary

Don't Go Upstairs

Deadly Seed 2

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This story is entirely a work of fiction. All characters and events are fictitious. If there are any similarities to real persons, living or dead, it is entirely coincidental.

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This work is explicit and graphic. The story contains scenes of SA, gruesome extreme gore and absurd horror.

Viewer discretion is advised.

Cover art by Ruth Anne Evans

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Neighborhood Watch
Sunshine
A Deadly Snack
Cycle of the Mannequin
The Looking GlAss

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NEIGHBORHOOD WATCH

The night was shrouded in darkness without stars or the moon overhead, cloudy with hints of fog coming in from far away, a feeling of rain was in the air. The idyllic gated neighborhood of Pristine Meadows was settled in for another long night of slumber in the peaceful dreams that befell them upon falling asleep.

The houses were large and fancy abodes with architecture dating back hundreds of years while the lawns outside the houses were trimmed with the utmost care. A sign posted at the front of the large brick gate showed a red circle with a black figure crossed out in the middle. A warning label beneath the sign read “Neighborhood Watch in Effect”.

Trees held still in the solace of the night and the occasional chirp of a cricket reminded everyone that there wasn’t a bustling of community or nightlife in the area. The streets were bare and desolate, nobody could be seen or heard, the houses bore a few lights to reveal that this wasn’t an abandoned ghost town.

Slowly, two shadowy figures moved from outside the walls, a man and a woman, both dressed in tattered clothing while desperately in need of cleaning. The man looked at his partner, “Trust me, once we get over the gate, my cousin will let us stay.”

“I don’t know,” the woman whimpered, looking over her shoulder for any flashing lights in the distance behind her, “I hear that this place is a nightmare.”

“Only if you pay the property tax,” the man joked as he reached into his backpack and slowly pulled a ladder out from within it. Setting the ladder close to the gate on the wet grass, he gestured for her to start the climb and watched her tight ass move up the ladder. She was a hot piece and he knew once they got into the abandoned house he was going to tell her was his cousin’s, he’d get down to business on porking that hole.

Climbing up after her, the two dropped from the top and landed on the other side on the manicured grass, looking around at the deserted neighborhood to see it was much different than they had been led to believe. It was better. Everything about it was clean, well-groomed and the only thing out of place was themselves.

Pulling his backpack over the top of his shoulders, the man started down the sidewalk with the woman following behind him, his face covered in patches of beard that needed a smooth shave while his hygiene could do with a hot shower. Living in the city outside of the neighborhood was like living in a giant litter box.

The woman followed behind him steadily, her pace marred by her injured left leg that was slowly pulsating blood from the gunshot wound she’d suffered while running from the cops. It was just a vending machine she’d knocked over, she didn’t know it had crushed a homeless person laying on the other side of it, but the cops who came to the scene were hellbent on making sure she knew about it.

As they walked, the man looked around as he tried to remember where the abandoned house was. He had heard about it in passing while drinking a bit of prune juice at the tavern. Supposedly it was a house for rent that was maintained and could provide a great place to sleep, or more.

Finally, he caught sight of it.

A large two-story house on the corner of one of the four blocks that made up the gated neighborhood. It was white, clean and the yard was beyond immaculate in its well-kept state. He pointed at it and whispered, “That’s my cousin’s house, I think he’s out of town for now, but he said we could stay in it till he came back.”

“Good,” the woman replied, her voice weak as the gunshot wound was streaming blood down her leg and leaving a trail behind her. It was going to need immediate attention once they got inside of the house. Luckily, she always had a pair of tweezers on her for potential wounds, especially since the cops liked to shoot anyone and everyone with anything they could.

Bullets, needles, pellets and nails were their favorites.

She'd seen her own father catch a nail to the forehead for jaywalking once, he lived but was never the same afterwards.

Suddenly, a noise caught their attention and broke her train of thought. It was the sound of scraping on the road. It was like padding on the bottom of shoes scratching along the asphalt around them.

The man looked around and shrugged, "We better hurry."

The pair hastened to get to the abandoned house, moving swiftly while looking around for anything out of the ordinary and keeping a watch for potential attackers. Finally, they reached the entrance to the picket fence and took a breath of relief, excited to have made it to their destination.

The man looked at the woman, "Don't worry, we'll be inside soon and everything will be fine."

"I hope so."

"Trust me," the man smiled and reached down to open the gate, "I won't let anything hurt-"

Before he could finish his sentence, something appeared from out of the darkness down the street and they both froze in terror at the sight of it. The woman cried out as she saw a large angry dog that was the size of a trash truck, its eyes were like flames burning while its massive jaws were filled with rows of glistening razor-sharp teeth.

Atop of the dog, holding its leash in hand while riding it like a horse, a man looked down at them and waved a cane with a skull adorned to the top of it. He aimed the cane towards them, "Trespassers! Vagrants! How dare you enter my domain!"

The man raised his hands and shook his head, "We weren't going to do anything, honest, we just need a place to stay!"

The man on the dog simply threw his head back in a vicious cackle and then growled, "You can stay…in hell!"

The woman screamed in blank terror as the massive dog roared and snapped its jaws on her partner, tearing his head off of his body. Instantly, his blood began to spray like a massive firehose from his neck and his headless corpse started running around like a chicken with its head carved away. Turning to run, the woman pushed herself to get away from the dog while the blood from her boyfriend's decapitation ran down her face.

Meanwhile the dog pounced on the headless body of the man and began to tear into it, ripping chunks from it until nothing but a pile of meat

scattered about the street.

Crying while she ran from the pain and fear, the woman made it back to the wall and tried to jump in an effort to grasp the top of the wall. However, every jump was futile and she remained inches away from getting a firm hold on the top of the wall to pull herself to freedom. She turned around and screamed as the massive devil dog came galloping towards her, its blood-soaked mouth hanging open as its flaming eyes focused dead straight on her body.

The only thing she could hear was the rider's laughter as the dog reached her against the wall and began to rip into her torso, snarfing and slurping up her innards until she fell upon the cold wet grass to look up at the mangy fire beast that busied itself with chewing up her entrails. She whispered to the man on the top of the dog, "Please, help me."

The man nodded and turned to look at the skull on his can, "She wants me to help her. What do you think?"

Letting out a heinous high-pitched laugh, the skull topper replied, "Send her to hell."

"I agree," the man replied before yanking the dog's chain and forcing it to feed directly upon the woman's face, ripping her face off as blood splattered over the brick wall. The beast fed and fed itself upon her, consuming her soul within her body and sending it on a first-class ticket to the fiery pits of hell itself.

Back in the neighborhood, the man chuckled and wiped a drop of blood from the lapel of his sparkling blue suit, "They just never learn."

The man reached down to pet the head of his demon dog. It had cost him his marriage, but proved to be an excellent investment. He'd let Satan bang his wife and in exchange for being cucked, the Devil had given him the use of a hellhound. It certainly proved why he was the best Homeowners Association President that ever lived.

A sound caught his attention as he looked over to spot another person running near the fence. The skull topper blurted out, "Ooh, another one!"

The man pulled on the chain as the dog leapt forward to pounce on the stranger attempting to sneak into the community, leaping onto him and ripping the man's fucking head off with the ferocity of a bull shark. The blood splattered up in the air, dark in the moonlight, but definitely visible enough to leave a large mess.

Oh yeah, life was good.

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SUNSHINE

The city was alive with activity as the sun came up into the sky. The stores opened up for the day and removed their guard barriers from the entrances, intent on making a clear path for the customers.

A man named Joseph came down from his attic apartment and stepped foot inside of his store on the ground level, it was time for opening. Stretching his arms to ensure he got his body awake for the new day, he reached his hand back to his ass and scratched one of the morning itches he'd acquired through his life. He was tired, but never seemed like he ever got enough sleep anymore and if he did, he never got enough rest.

Walking over to one of the electric coffee pots, he hit the button and listened to the machine begin to percolate, the smell of the chocolate-flavored coffee filled the store as he reached in his underwear and pulled out the keys for the door, it was time for a new day. Walking over to the door, he stuck his key into the lock and twisted it to unlatch the door. After opening the door, he grabbed the barrier to raise up and caught a bright shine of the sun in his face.

He quickly turned, knowing what would happen if he stared at the sun for too long, not wanting to fall victim to its harmful effects.

Turning back into the store, he walked around to the counter and grabbed his trousers that he'd left sitting on the small chair behind the counter, pulling them on without much issue over his flabby ass. The sound of the coffee finishing perked up his ears and he walked over to grab a

styrofoam cup, hitting the switch to fill the cup with the heavy thick slime that poured from the spout.

Yes, it was good morning juice, oil for the human machine.

Taking a drink from the cup despite its immense steaming release, he swallowed and felt his body instantly overwhelmed with the energy that he'd been missing when he stumbled out of bed. His wife would be up in a bit, but she hadn't been feeling well and no matter how much water he gave her, she just seemed to be wilting. Her kind of people suffered from lack of sunlight the most, but occasionally, she'd get away with sitting in front of the window blinds to soak up a bit of the sunlight that poured in.

It seemed like only yesterday that the news reports came in to reveal that the sun had been overwhelmed with cosmic radiation and was now shitting its rays out into the earth, leaking immense fiery effects on everyone who didn't take ample protective care of their skin. Joseph's poor wife had lost her entire family to the effects of the mega-ultraviolet rays that the sun had released upon the world.

The sound of her footsteps coming down the stairs caught his attention and he turned to see his beloved entering the room, her body was thin and her large head had gone from green to a dark brown. Still, she was one the prettiest of the Dionamoids. They were an intriguing species.

Hybrids of humanity born with Venus flytrap heads, a miracle of evolution, though they were now largely endangered from the result of the sunlight invading the world and killing everything with its heat.

Life went on, Joseph shrugged, he still had a shop to run and selling sunscreen was one of the best ways to earn a living anymore. Still, there were others out there that made more money selling spacesuits to protect the body against the burning effects of sunlight, thus sunscreen was largely becoming a choice for the poor folk trying to survive the situation. Joseph didn't mind, he was still making money and his family had been super proud of him when he took over the business from his father.

Though his father had actually started the business as a convenience store in the ghetto part of the city, so he hadn't technically gone into the "family business" but rather had created something of his own out of the remains of his father's store, so he was proud of being his own man. Unfortunately, the child that he and Ramona had together caught fire when he went outside to play after the sun started to release its fiery effects, so he was currently down an heir.

Still, he was still able to get it up and he knew he'd be able to knock Ramona up again once he found the way to ensure she got the sunlight she needed to grow.

The doorbell chimed as a customer entered the store and disappeared into the shelves, looking around for what they wanted. Joseph and Ramona stood behind the counter, looking out the window to see a man trying to run across the street into the blazing sunlight and instantly turned into a massive ball of flame that left his black charred corpse exploded all over the asphalt.

"That sucks," Ramona muttered and lowered her head to look at the newspaper. Joseph had seen it happen more and more every day. People thought they could outrun the effects by moving in and out of the shading of the city buildings, but alas, they were too slow before they burst into fire.

Suddenly, a sound filled their ears within the store as they took note as the customer came walking up to the counter, dressed in a very interesting outfit. The customer was at least nineteen, his body was thin and covered in an abundance of sunscreen, while he was dressed in nothing more than a tighty-whitey and green and blue striped swim fins on his feet. He had a jeweled nose ring through his left nostril, his hair was dark and choppy, but his eyes were round with sapphire pupils.

Joseph looked at the guy, "Boy, I don't know what you're thinking, but going out in public like that is a death sentence. You're gonna get fried if you don't put some clothes on."

"Clothes are a sign of The Man," the guy replied, making an odd hand sign with both his hands together, "Besides, if you don't like what you see, look somewhere else."

Ramona shook her head, "Don't be disrespectful, we're trying to give you sound advice, maybe you should listen?"

"Maybe you should fuck off?"

"Okay," Joseph reached over and yanked the tube of sunscreen from the guy, "We don't accept customers who are disrespectful little brats, beat it."

The guy simply shot a nasty look at Joseph and moved towards the door, swinging it open before raising his fingers to his lips and letting out a loud whistle that shot out across the street. Joseph and Ramona watched as twelve more tighty-whitey guys all wearing the same patterned swim fins came scrambling inside of the store, looking around at everything while some knocked stuff off the shelves. Joseph grabbed the baseball bat from

behind the counter and came around to the other side, “That’s enough! Get out of my store!”

The first tighty-whitey guy shook his head, “He’s the one, get him!”

Suddenly, the multitude of nearly-nude young men rushed forward to grasp Joseph and knocked him to the floor, kicking him with their swim fins that left jagged cuts to his face and arms and chest. They grabbed hold of his feet and drug him from inside the store as Ramona screamed for them to stop, watching from within the store, unable to venture out to save her husband.

The guys pulled Joseph out into the searing asphalt as he screamed, “No! No, please! Help me!”

His cries fell upon deaf ears as the gang of tighty-whitey guys moved aside to watch with glee as Joseph began to turn red, his face blistering immensely as it burst open with rapid blasts of pus and water from the blisters, his clothing caught flame and his pleas turned to screams. The gang stood around him and reached into the back of their tighty-whiteys to pull out small tubes of sunscreen before they squirted the liquid into the front of their underwear.

Ramona watched in absolute horror as the tighty-whitey gang whipped out their cocks that were drenched in sunscreen and began to furiously jerk themselves off while watching her husband turn into a huge swollen ball of pus, slime and blistering skin. She cried out, “Joseph!”

Joseph’s eyes exploded as his entire body had swollen to a level of sagging skin hanging down through bloody and watery blistering, his screams disappeared as fire exploded from within his throat. The gang moaned in unison as they stroked themselves with their abundance of sunscreen-laden dicks and without warning, like a clockwork effect, each one began to spew forth their cum into the body of the burning man.

The stinging pain of the cum seeping into his wounds left Joseph with an absolute agony that soon turned into something even worse and his body exploded like a overfilled water balloon, shooting pus, slime and watery meat all over the tighty-whitey gang. Once the last of them had dripped out the final few drops of his watery cum, the gang slipped their cocks back into their tighty-whitey underwear and turned in unison back towards the store.

Their leader, the one who had been the customer, pointed to the store, “Take everything within. Every tube, every bottle and every container of the

good stuff!”

The others began to invade the inside of the store, greedily grabbing as much as they could carry in their thin arms, while a blonde guy stayed next to the leader and spoke, “This is the second of four stores, Cole, what happens when we run out of product?”

The leader, Cole, simply shook his head, “Then, we take their skin. What do you think of that, Spence?”

“Skin suits?” Spencer said, rubbing his chin as a bit of sunscreen ran down his thin torso, “Not a bad idea actually.”

Cole slowly raised his fingers and caressed down the back of Spencer’s spine, “Of course, I never have bad ideas, do you doubt me?”

Spencer turned to face Cole and fluttered his eyelashes, “Will you punish me if I do?”

“Until you can’t walk a straight line,” Cole smiled a sinister grin.

Spencer shrugged and watched as the others began to exit the store, carrying their stolen goods in plastic bags while the crying flytrap-human hybrid watched in absolute sadness. He sighed, “Poor woman.”

Scoffing, Cole shook his head and slapped Spencer’s ass before walking towards the store, his eyes fixated forward as he entered the ruined shop to turn towards Ramona. She raised her hands, “I don’t have anything else. I don’t know why you’re doing this, but please, stop!”

“Simple,” Cole smiled as he grabbed the baseball bat from the floor, “I want to enjoy my youth while I still have it and now that the world’s ended, I’m going to enjoy everything I wanted to do, and more. We’re not the only gang out here, we’re the Pickwick Boys, you can tell from the pattern on our fins. “

Ramona moved to stand against the wall as Cole approached her, “Please, don’t do this.”

Moving the bat between his hands, Cole chuckled, “Killing older humans is business, slathering ourselves in the sacred cream so the holy eye in the sky and rodding each other is religion, but killing hybrid abominations that are unholy to the eye? That’s pure pleasure.”

Before Ramona could scream, Cole slammed the bat down into her flytrap head and laughed as bloody sap began to pulsate from the broken hole he’d bashed into her. He raised the bat and brought it down, again and again, breaking her head open in multiple places as the bat brazenly beamed

against her. Drawing back, Cole looked down to see her quivering body lay on the floor as she desperately clung to life.

“Trust me when I say I take absolute orgasmic pleasure in this,” Cole coldly stated as he grabbed Joseph’s pocketknife from the counter and knelt down to begin carving the blade through Ramona’s neck until he cut through her plant-human sinew to remove her head from her body. He watched as the bloody sap mixture squirted up and flowed out of her wound before grabbing her flytrap head to carry out of the store.

Slapping the ground with his swim fins as he walked up to Spencer, he held out the disembodied head to the other guy and smiled, “A trophy to go with the spoils.”

Spencer smiled at the head and took it from Cole as he affixed it to the top of his leader’s scalp, using the long hairs attached to tie it down around Cole’s ears which kept it in place. He nodded, “Now, they will fear you.”

“Everyone will fear us,” Cole replied, “Quick, we must rod before the holy eye burns through our sacred cream.”

Spencer blushed as Cole took his hand and the two exited the street to return to the hideout, intent on savoring the spoils after their obligatory worship session. Joseph’s remains lay on the street as a heinous spot of death while Ramon’s headless body continued to pour blood and sap into a large pool on the floor of the wrecked business

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A DEADLY SNACK

(*This story has the honor of being rejected by Judith Sonnet for an anthology!*)

Sitting up from her chair, Gloria realized that she had passed out again, probably from exhaustion due to her work schedule. It seemed like all she ever did was work anymore. Yeah, it was fun, but there had to be more to life than just earning that paycheck.

Rubbing her eyes, she looked at the clock on the wall and sighed, it was already nine at night. Too late to cook dinner or anything too big, after all, it was just empty calories after six or so they say. Stretching out in her lazy chair, she sighed and thought to herself of what she could eat.

Nothing too big and nothing too small, but something that would be filling. Soup? Nah, that wouldn't work. A sandwich? That was a good option, but nothing with a lot of lunchmeat and additives, she wasn't in the mood for all that. No, she needed something else.

Something less but more.

Something that could be savored.

Suddenly, the realization of the meal in question hit her.

A grilled cheese sandwich, yes! It would be filling and set for her to savor completely. Gloria giggled and got up from the chair, walking into the kitchen. Her apartment was small, but it was cozy and appropriate enough

for her. She worked hard and didn't want too much in her life, especially not after her last breakup.

She loved Brad, but he just didn't want to grow up. Maybe she'd give him another chance. Or not. Who knows?

She knew one thing.

Men were just shit. They were all a bunch of infants. They had their moments, but they acted like immature pricks more than anything else and she was just sick of it.

She walked into the kitchen and turned on the light switch, illuminating everything for her to see in pale light. She was wearing a pair of black panties and a black tank-top shirt, everything else was bare. She threw off her clothes and kicked back after coming home around five. Her long blonde hair was still in a ponytail, but she didn't mind, at least it wasn't in her face.

Opening the refrigerator, she grabbed a package of sharp cheddar and closed the door. Reaching atop the fridge, she grabbed the loaf of wheat bread and headed over to the stove, grabbing one of the pans from the cupboard above her head. She yawned as she turned the burner on and waited for it to get hot, looking down at her fingernails as she did.

They needed a touch-up.

Maybe a Mani-Pedi was in her future?

Untwisting the opening to the bread, she fingered out two slices and laid them on the skillet. Next came a slice of cheese, it was soft and moist, good enough for her. Laying the cheese on the bread, she waited for it to start cooking, taking a deep breath of the cold air blowing through the vents in her home.

The sandwich was cooking up good now, the cheese melting and the bread darkening up from the heat.

She took a smell of it. It was fulfilling. It was also oddly satisfying for her to listen to as it cooked up nicely in the skillet. She flipped it over and turned to the cabinet, reaching up to get a paper plate to have dinner on.

A knock on her door caught her attention. She sighed, who the hell was at the door at this hour? Turning off the burner, she headed over to the door and answered through it, "Yes?"

"This is the property manager, I'm checking on the central heat and air in the building, can I come in and check it?"

“Finally,” she sighed, realizing it was a tad late, but she’d put in her request about the air nearly two weeks ago and the manager is always busy. She unlocked the door and opened it, “Please com-ahh!” she was knocked to the floor as three burly men in black masks came in immediately.

She attempted to scream, but a swift kick to the stomach knocked the wind from her and she curled into a ball as she watched them begin to look through her stuff. They grabbed the DVD player, her laptop, her purse, and various trinkets she collected. She attempted to stand as one of the men came over and grabbed her by her hair, yanking her to the dining area.

Gloria screamed as the man held her down, the cold steel of a gun barrel jammed in her cheek, the man yelled out, “Hurry up you guys!:

The others muttered as they pilfered her possessions and smashed her television and cell phone. One of the others came up behind her and she felt him grab a handful of her round ass, “Damn, you weren’t kidding, this slut’s got some cake.”

“I know what a babe is,” the guy holding her down replied to his accomplice, “Looks like we caught her at dinner. A nice little cheese sandwich, bring it over here, let's not stop her.”

Gloria cried, “Please, take what you want, just don’t hurt me!”

Everything could be replaced. She’d have to ensure they didn’t kill her first though. It was best to go with their demands for now. The gun that was in her face was no joke.

One of the guys dropped the grilled-cheese sandwich by her face and the one holding her down laughed, “Eat it.”

“What?”

He punched her in the side of the ribs hard and growled, “I said fucking eat it.”

Gloria raised her hand up shakily and took the sandwich in her fingers, nibbling at it. The man holding her down smiled and whispered to her in his noxious breath, “Get your fill of it cuz I’m getting my fill of you.”

Before the words left his lips, she felt her panties get yanked down her long slender legs and her pink snatch getting invaded by hard dick. She screamed out in pain, crying and pleading for him to stop, her mouth full of a bit of the sandwich. The man grunted and growled, shoving his entire weight into her as he ground himself into her body.

She closed her eyes, tears flowing profusely, her insides being torn up by the way he maneuvered his pole inside of her. The barrel of the gun was

shoved hard into the side of her face and he continued forcing himself inside of her until he began to quake in his stance.

He bellowed in a heavy roar as he dumped his ball sludge inside of her. Another guy came up and took over from him, going quickly as he also found her insides slippery and gooey from the release before him.

She moaned out in pleasure from the feelings, the pain too much, she only wanted it to end. This was the worst pain she'd ever felt. She'd give anything for it to end. Her face drenched in tears and saliva from the man drooling as his face was against her own, he groaned from his mouth intensely, emptying himself inside of her already-packed twat.

The third guy shook his head at their invite, "Fuck you freaks, I'm not swimming in that sauce."

"Fine," said the first guy, "Then you get to do the honors. One way or another, you're putting something inside of her."

"Fuck, okay," the third guy replied, taking the gun from the shot-caller and positioned the barrel at the base of her skull, his hand shaking as he did. Gloria closed her eyes tightly as the gun went off, the barrel having jolted aside and the slug broke through the side of the target, exiting through her jaw. She slumped over the table, blood pouring rapidly from the gaping smoking hole of her face, some of it splattered all over the grilled cheese sandwich.

"Nice shot, dipshit," the leader said, taking off his mask to look at the others, "Next time, you're fucking the target because you can't shoot for fuck."

"Fucking sorry okay," the other removed his mask and growled. The third one unmasked himself and said, "Guys, fight later, let's beat it before anyone comes. Someone would have heard that shot."

"It's the ghetto," the leader chuckled, "Gunshots are like flies here. This dumb bitch was a preppy white girl living in a bad neighborhood. Don't kid yourself into thinking they'll catch us."

The leader moved down to whisper into Gloria's ear, "Next time, tip your fucking mechanics, thanks for the pussy," and without much more time, the three men high-tailed it out of the apartment.

Gloria's mind raced with thoughts. She'd been shot and was losing blood rapidly, she was going to die. Her whole life was out before she got a chance to live it. She had dreams. She had hopes. She had fantasies.

Now she was going to die. Mechanics?

She tried to remember but her thoughts were going. Something caught her attention, the grilled cheese, the sandwich she'd made. It was still there in front of her.

She gurgled though her shattered jaw, her body in shock, she remembered the words of her grandmother. The old lady had been an abusive and vengeful woman, she had practiced occult before she developed dementia. In her addled mind, she had taught Gloria some of the stuff, nothing fancy, but a soul-transference that could be done if truly believed.

Her hand was on the sandwich, she felt lifeless and darkness would soon overcome her, but she had to do it.

Through bloody gurgling and whispers that she hoped she was doing correctly, she spoke her incantation and held tightly, her eyes going dark despite being wide-open. She couldn't breathe. She couldn't feel it. She was floating and now, Gloria Richardson was dead.

Her body wouldn't be found immediately.

Not until the property manager came looking for the rent or her ex came looking for a second chance, both likely to happen soon. Well, maybe not her ex, but everyone else would come looking for her.

The sandwich stays still and soggy, inanimate as it was before. Suddenly, Gloria could feel herself again. She was alive.

Holy shit, she thought to herself, she was alive!

Looking around, she realized where she was. She was a sandwich. A grilled cheese sandwich on a plate, soggy and covered in blood. She looked at her body, her beautiful body she'd spent time and money on preening. Now she was just a corpse.

Fuck, she thought to herself, why hadn't she thought it through. Why had she opened the door? What the fuck was wrong with her.

Now it was too late for that. However, there were three burly mechanics that had taken her stuff, her body and now, her life. But she wasn't dead and she wasn't going to let them get away with it, she was going to get her vengeance, one way or another.

~2~

The next day was foggy and looked like it might rain, but that was most days during the week. Sometimes they rained, sometimes they poured and

sometimes they were sunny; but all in all, they were shit.

Bruce Hendrickson was not looking forward to work. He sat in his pickup truck and looked through the phone in his hand, checking out the texts and pictures. It belonged to some dumb slut named Gloria that he and his friends had taken care of the night before.

Bruce had some sick pleasures.

Getting out of the truck, he headed into the garage he worked at, Rory and Frank would probably be late coming in. Big whoop, they were always late, Rory was probably sleeping it off with some hooker and Frank was likely at church saying a prayer for the bitch he shot. Bruce chuckled, “Should have let me shoot her. I can’t miss.”

Getting everything setup for the tasks to come, Bruce made sure that the machinery was on and ready for the tasks at hand. It was going to be another ballsack day. He hated work. Life would be a lot easier if he could just quit and live dangerously, at least, more than he already did.

Good to go.

So this was life as a mechanic.

Not so fancy.

After a few hours, he was drenched in oil and dirt from working on the vehicles. All he could think of was how good the piece of ass had been. It was a shame he had to share her with Rory, but fuck it, he was just happy to get it when he did.

His stomach growled and he realized it was about time for lunch, so he wiped his hands with a red rag, heading into the break area to eat. “Shit,” he said to himself, he’d forgotten to grab food for lunch. He opened the refrigerator and that’s when he spotted it, a grilled-cheese sandwich on a plate in the fridge.

He looked around and took it out, no name on it.

Fair game.

Moving to the microwave, Bruce chucked the sandwich into the electric box and turned it on for a minute or two. Walking over to the bathroom, he unzipped his pipe and drained the main vein as he waited for the microwave to ding that it was time to eat. He shook his pole a few times and zipped up, not bothering to wash his hands or flush.

The aroma was already filling the area. He smiled widely as he walked back into the break room. An odd smell came into his nostrils as he looked at the microwave. It was shorting out!

“What the fuck?”

The microwave exploded and pieces of the door flew off, hitting him square in the face. Bruce fell back against the wall, sharp pieces of glass in his cheeks, mouth and right eye. He felt blood beginning to pour from the wounds. He ripped them out without a second thought, each one more painful than the last, he looked at the microwave itself.

The fiery hunk of machinery was demolished. He attempted to move towards the fire extinguisher on the wall next to the countertop. However his left foot stepped on something soggy and he slipped forward, attempting to regain his traction.

He fell into the counter, shattering his teeth into the edge of the counter as his face slid down the cabinet beneath. Turning on his back, Bruce looked back in his dazed and bloody view, something was coming towards him, something covered in blood and cheese.

Before he could do anything, the object had made its way up his body, leaving scalding burns in its wake and forcing itself into his bloody mouth. He attempted to scream and cry out, but his mouth burned in intense pain as the assaulting object clogged up his throat. He gagged and gushed, attempting to pull it out, but there was no use.

His eyes went dark and soon, Bruce was dead.

The object crawled from his mouth, regaining its original form, moving away from the corpse before anyone could come running to see what had transpired in the break room. The creature exited the building, egged on by the spirit driving it, one last little bit of surprise would happen for the corpse of Bruce Hendrickson.

The manager and another worker entered the break room, seeing the fiery microwave and the blood all over the floor, their faces twisted in terror. The manager quickly moved over to Bruce, “Bruce, are you okay? What happened?”

Right as the final word left the manager’s lips, Bruce’s head proceeded to explode into a massive splash of blood all over the manager and coworker. It was quick and sudden, almost as though the head had been hit point-blank with a bullet from nowhere.

Frank Haskell looked down at his hands for the fiftieth time that day. He couldn’t see it, but he knew they were covered in blood. They were soaked in it more so than any other fluid he had ever encased his hands within. But it wasn’t his blood that they were covered in. It was someone else’s blood.

Her blood.

He had gone with his buds for a night of drinking. Somehow they got on a kick about robbing from people who didn’t tip them at the shop. Before he knew it, they were raiding and looting houses, but one happened to be home. They took everything from her.

He’d taken her life.

Why?

Why hadn’t he just went along with the rape and let someone else handle the murder, he wasn’t a killer. He wasn’t brought up to be a killer. He wasn’t even a good shot.

He’d made her suffer through her death.

He’d fucked up.

Sitting on a bench at the park as the sun went down, he watched the pink clouds grow brighter as the colorful dark blue began to encroach and fill the night sky. He had seen so many sunsets in his life. Yet now, he was seeing them as a murderer.

Fuck.

He couldn’t live like this.

Nobody could.

Frank stood up from the bench and started walking along the path, contemplating what he would do with his life now. It was practically over. He’d have the guilt hanging over him for the rest of his life. She was so beautiful. Her ass was round and flat, her breasts perky, her legs slim, even her feet were heavenly from what he saw. She was the kind of woman he would love to date.

He didn’t deserve her.

Maybe that’s why he didn’t do it.

He always felt himself unable to talk to or work up the nerve with beautiful women, yet, he was surrounded by them regularly. Rory and Bruce were always getting the babes, but he was just the joke to them, now he was a killer joke.

They were probably together now. Laughing and drinking beers, joking about how he was probably feeling guilty and sad. Good friends, not.

Scratching his head that was covered in honey blonde hair, he walked until he looked up and realized he was all alone in a desolate part of town. He looked around, curious to see anyone or anything that could be around him, but he was alone. The air was still.

The weather was cold.

His blood ran cold as he heard the sound of something scraping along the ground behind him, as though he was being followed. He looked over his shoulder but again, there was nothing there. He swallowed and continued on his trek, he didn't know where he was going, but anywhere had to be better than here.

He continued walking, his hands stuffed in his pockets, unsure of what he was hearing. He knew it was something creeping behind him, mimicking his walking pattern, he started walking faster and pacing quicker. Soon he was running, running down a dark street strewn with trash and debris from careless pedestrians. He looked around for any potential assistance.

Nothing.

Nobody.

No help in sight.

He stopped, leaning down to catch his breath and suddenly, something grabbed the back of his pants to yank him backwards onto the cold asphalt of the road. He fell, hitting his head and felt his vision begin to cloud. He didn't know what was going on.

He expected to be attacked or mugged immediately, yet he was suddenly hit in the side of the face by something scorching hot. He screamed as the flesh under the object began to melt with the intensity of fire. Reaching up to his face, he grabbed hold of it and pulled it off of him, looking at it as a gooey strand of flesh came with it.

A sandwich.

A burning hot grilled cheese sandwich.

He dropped it, attempting to get up, his momentum off-kilter from the blow to the back of his head. Suddenly, a burning strand of gooey cheese wrapped around his neck and began to burn increasingly hot. He attempted to scream, but only gag and gurgle, it was searing through his flesh.

Looking over several yards to his right, he saw a couple walking by and he reached out for them, hoping they would see him in his current situation.

He smelt the burning of his flesh as blood boiled up into his mouth. Soon a whisper entered his ear, "You should have aimed better."

It was her.

The woman he had murdered.

He reached for the couple again, but alas, they walked on without ever having looked over to see him. He coughed up blood as he lost mobility in his arms and legs, his spine was melting through, the nerves burning out. He had one chance, he did his best to voice his apology, a single solemn message to the spirit taking revenge on him.

The searing finished and Frank's head was detached from his body, his eyes looking around as his brain began to suffocate and that's when he saw it, A faded ghost-like figure lifting the burning hot sandwich and moving away from him, not bothering to look back on his body. He looked up into the sky as the darkness overwhelmed his last glance and without another second, he was gone.

His body left to rot on the cold asphalt of a desolate neighborhood.

The same neighborhood as the woman he had murdered.

Gunshots in the distance, flies buzzing around garbage on the sidewalk, nobody giving the slightest fuck about a random decapitated corpse laying on the street.

~4~

Flipping through the channels on his television set, Rory groaned and cracked open another can of beer. Drinking beer was one way to cope with the general feeling of boredom that overwhelmed him on a regular basis. It was ass, but the television was showing even more of what he was feeling.

Nothing.

What was the point of owning a Dish if there was nothing worth watching on the goddamn television?

Taking a swig for several gulps, he sat back in his chair and crossed his legs, whipping out his phone to check his messages. Nothing recent. Besides a few texts from some broad that claimed he gave her crabs, but big fucking whoop, life's too short to not share the bottom dwellers.

Walking into the bathroom to take a piss, Rory scratched his mound, little fuckers.

Wiggling himself off, he stopped to look at himself in the mirror and smiled. He was a bigger guy, beer belly, hairy chest, prison tats on his muscled arms and a pretty thick pole.

Every slut’s dream.

He took hold of the base of his willy and began swinging it around in a circle, chuckling at himself. He was like a clock, he could tell time with his cock and swing it around until a whole day went by. His fun continued until a sound caught his attention from the living room. He called out, “Hello?”

A sound caught his attention from the living room. He called out, “Hello?”

Silence.

Pulling his pajama pants back up, he headed into the living room and checked his door, it was closed. Not locked, but still, it was closed and didn’t appear to have been opened. He felt a familiar urge pop into his head.

He needed a good jerking session.

Needed to spit out some yogurt.

Looking around for his magazine, he shook his head at how everything in his apartment was piled up and trash lay about on the floor. He needed a maid.

He spotted it.

The corner of his BOOBS mag was under an old styrofoam meal container. He didn’t chance opening the lid and seeing how moldy and maggoty the food within probably was. He definitely needed to clean up at some point in the future.

Scooting the container aside, he pulled the magazine up and looked through the pages, annoyed at the couple that were stuck together. Ugh, why haven't they invented stain-proof paper yet? Billion dollar idea right fucking there.

Sitting in his chair, Rory pulled down his pants and kicked them to the side, sitting bare on the old comfy seat. It was originally tan, but now had blood spots from open scabs, cum stains and probably some bitch’s squirt permanently imprinted on the seat beneath him. He needed to get a massage, especially a tug-job massage, like that parlor that had an outbreak of disease or parasites or some shit in the news.

A tug-job and a lawsuit, yes, that would be ideal.

He needed something. Something nice and soggy and slimy for him to slam his cock inside of.

Something of that nature caught his eye as he looked over to the counter near his chair. A sandwich. Now that was more like it. He didn’t remember making one, but he’d been drunk and not aware of anything since the night

before. He got up, tossed the nudie to the side and walked into the kitchen, taking up the plate with the grilled cheese sandwich on it.

Warm it up a bit and get to spanking, he'd be adding to the gooey goodness before long and it would be well worth it.

Moving to the microwave, he opened it up and stuffed the plate within, turning on the switch for ten seconds.

Time for a clinic visit. He chuckled as the microwave dinged and he pulled the sandwich out, looking it over. It smelled better than he imagined. Apparently he'd splashed some ketchup on it when he made it. He should have been a fucking chef.

Gordon Ramsay probably gets a lot of ass. Or arse, as the Brits like to say.

Sitting in the chair, he took the sandwich in hand and slowly pushed his throbbing fucker into between the pieces of soggy bread, letting the gooey cheese surround his tool. He moaned at the feeling, warm and juicy, just how he liked a poon.

Closing his eyes, he thought about his lays, especially his recent ones. He moved the sandwich up and down on his pike, letting it hit every nerve ending below. He moved quicker and quicker, feeling his cock pulsing into the sandwich.

It was hot.

Very hot.

Hotter than before!

He squealed in pain as he looked down, seeing his cock had melted straight off from the base and was now stuck inside the sandwich like a gory hot dog. He threw the sandwich to the ground, reaching down to hold his burning mound. He called out, "Help me! Help!"

He jumped to his feet and was suddenly hit by long tentacles of fiery gooey cheese that pinned his arms to the wall next to him. He looked around, "This shit can't be happening! What the fuck!"

He looked up at the mirror on the wall and saw her face, the face of the woman he'd paid a visit to the night before.

He shouted at her, "You cunt! You fucking bitch! You're dead! We killed you! You're fucking dead!"

A long strand of gooey cheese hit him in the mouth, clogging his throat as it reached down within his gullet and began to coat his insides. He attempted to scream, but was soon hit by another tentacle of cheese that

pushed up his asshole and began to travel upwards. He shook and attempted to break loose, but the cheese was unforgiving and he couldn’t stop it, tears poured from his eyes as he wished to wake up from this nightmare.

Within him, the cheesy tentacles met in his middle after burning their way through him and he looked at the mirror to see the woman smiling at him. She said, “You took everything from me. Now, I'll take it back.”

Before another thought could hit his mind, the cheese ripped directly through his front, splitting his body in half vertically and forcing his entrails and squealing melting organs to splatter out from his split corpse. Blood, guts and visceral contents splashed all over the apartment; steaming and coating everything. The cheesy tentacles slunk back into the sandwich itself, the murderous snack steadily crept away from the apartment.

Rory was dead, his guts were everywhere, his blood dripping from the ceiling, the sides of his corpse strewn about in mad positions. The maggots would breed and soon, an entire army of the pests would consume everything that was him.

The revenge was complete.

~5~

Rain poured down as it always did.

The cemetery was a place of grief. A place where people laid their loved ones to rest forever. Headstones, some large and some no bigger than a brick, peppered the land around as a reminder of who all slept in this property.

The ground muddy from the rain as Brad Jackson moved through the trails between the headstones. He knew it was bad luck to walk on the plots themselves. He didn’t need any more bad luck.

The love of his life, Gloria, had been murdered in a home invasion weeks earlier and now, she was resting eternally in the cemetery. They had fought and broke up, at least, only temporarily. She wanted kids. He didn’t.

In his hand, a bouquet of scarlet red roses that he knew she loved. It was how he got her attention that day they met in the flower shop. Now, he was going to decorate her grave with them and he would continue to do so, for as long as he could.

Finally, he reached her plot and looked down at it.

The stone wasn’t large, her family were poor and she didn’t have much in the way of savings to spend on a large or fancy headstone. He read the writing on it.

RIP
GLORIA MAGUIRE
1996-2024
BELOVED DAUGHTER AND SISTER

And *girlfriend*, he thought to himself as he set the bouquet on the stone. He wanted to say words. He wanted to talk to her. He wanted her to talk to him.

He wanted to be able to tell her how he was sorry. He wanted to tell her how he loved her. Now, they were just empty words in the wind of eternity.

He kissed his fingertips and reached down, placing them on the stone itself. He was sorry. If only he had traded places with her, he’d go back in time in a heartbeat and do it, no questions asked.

She was the best woman he knew.

After what seemed like hours, Brad wiped his eyes in the pouring rain and turned to leave, but something caught his eye. Something on the ground near the back of the headstone. He walked around to view it and tilted his head in confusion, it was definitely odd.

It was a sandwich.

A grilled cheese.

Old and mushy and picked at by the squirrels that inhabited the trees that dotted the cemetery itself. Strange. He couldn’t help but look around, curious to see if anyone had visited before him, but alas he was alone.

He’d heard of placing flowers on graves, rocks were popular in the Jewish culture, food was something that was usually left on foreign holidays and as far as he knew, Gloria wasn’t from that culture. He shrugged, smiling, at least someone thought she might be hungry if she ever came up from below the ground.

He’d certainly run and kiss her, regardless of what she’d look like, it would be worth it. He just wanted one last kiss. One last look.

He knew this would be the last time he would ever see her headstone, he would live the rest of his life seeing her in his dreams and reliving their memories, just the way she would have wanted it. He stared at the

tombstone and then down at the sandwich, simply wiping his eye from the teardrop running down.

Turning, Brad exited the cemetery without another beat and went on with his life. The sandwich stayed where it was left. Pelted with rain, packed with water, and satiated with the blood of its motherfucking enemies.

It was complete.

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CYCLE OF THE MANNEQUIN

I woke with a start, early that morning as I discovered that I was currently out of my mind. I wondered what exactly I would find if I looked out the window and it was then that I saw a large tortoise walking down the street, its shell a pale green and its head the size of a Volkswagen car. Disbelieving my eyes, I rubbed them not once but twice, looking through the window again and even then, I still saw the giant tortoise walking down the street.

I sighed, realizing that the zoo was missing one of its prized attractions.

Moving from the window, I realized that I had begun to sweat heavily and looked at myself in the mirror, it was then that I noticed that my face was peeling, the skin was peeling off my face and there was nothing I could do about it. My eyes were glowing green and my mouth opened to the point I couldn't close it even if I tried to.

However, It didn't take long for me to realize I must have had lockjaw and the reason my face was peeling off was because of the maggots digging into my skin. I felt a tear run down my eye and as I reached up to wipe it off, a smudge appeared on my sleeve. Then, it was that realization of all realizations, I was a walking and thinking mannequin.

But I was more than that.

I had skin.

I had worms digging in my flesh that was peeling off of my face.

I don't know when I had become sentient and I don't remember being put together, but there I was.

I was plastic beneath the skin hanging over my body, stapled to my plastic frame beneath.

My eyes were green because that's the color they had been painted by the artist who designed me. My skin was different shades as I looked in the mirror. I was covered in different pigments that had been crudely stitched together.

What in the world was going on?

I looked out the window and I realized the giant tortoise was consuming people left and right, its massive jaws ripping people to shreds as blood sprayed all across the street splattering upon the cars, the children, and the other people who were running from its enormous jaws. I couldn't believe my eyes. The monster itself was consuming everything in sight and the police were doing their best to stay far away from it.

Perhaps the National Guard would be called in?

However, it was then that I discovered I was naked. looking down I made the discovery that I had no genitalia and the reason for this is because I was a mannequin. However, I was covered in rotting flesh and the flesh still had a flaccid cock hanging off.

I couldn’t help but wonder why I was suddenly sentient, especially since beneath the flesh I was just plastic and screws. Why was this source of magic?

I wondered if there were others out there. I knew there were obviously humans galore, but I wondered if there were other mannequins that had become sentient and were also experiencing this bizarre phenomenon that even I couldn't fathom in my own brain.

I didn’t have a brain, but I had thoughts and confusion. It made less sense the more I thought about it.

The screams of the people outside peppered my thoughts, the sound of the tortoise crunching upon their bodies, ripping them to pieces while doing everything in its power to consume and fulfill its vile hunger upon the dozens of the world only made me feel a realization that I was also currently hungry. I turned and walked into the kitchen, then a thought occurred to me.

Whose apartment is this?

Perhaps, this was the abode of the creator.

Yes, this was the house of the person who had built me. But if that was the case, why did this apartment seem abandoned? Why did it smell like a fucking cat had been cooked in every room? Maybe I was losing my mind and I had only just realized I had a fucking mind, but then again, isn't this what Humanity does?

Don't they question everything?

Don't they wonder about every little freaking thing that goes on in their minds and their lives and the world around them to a point that they can never truly decipher?

Shit, I was overthinking things. Maybe that's what Humanity does. Perhaps everyone just overthinks everything that goes on until they ultimately come to the nihilistic realization that they have no way of stopping it from happening?

But then again, I wasn't a human, I was a mannequin! And a mannequin, like any other man-made object, doesn't truly have a say in the understanding of humanity. However, it occurred to me that the giant tortoise outside the window was now consuming the cars that were trying to drive beside it and I realized to my own humor, people were still trying to get to work.

The hunger returned as I opened the refrigerator. It wasn’t cold, but rather hot to the touch and smelled as awful as a septic tank. I widened my eyes as I discovered the insides of the fridge were covered in blood!

Human muscle was rotting on the shelves within. Little white worms, the same that covered my body, were also munching on the meat within. I could see limbs skinned of their covering and heads stripped of the skin, the eyeballs having slowly slipped out of the sockets to rest near the jaw.

I held my hand to my mouth to keep from puking and quickly turned to head out of the apartment, nearly stumbling on another corpse. I turned to look over my shoulder and discovered the corpse on the floor was fresh, its right hand gripping a shotgun while the bright red wall near it clearly had the remains of its missing head.

Shaking my own head, I turned to leave this hell house and get as far away as I could.

I immediately ran out of the apartment and moved across the street to watch the tortoise beginning its climb over the hill towards the incoming traffic. Nobody seemed remotely disturbed by the fact that a living mannequin covered in rotting naked flesh was moving amongst them.

Then again the enormous green monster reptile that was tearing its way through the streets probably had something to do with their lack of realization or even their care about the sentient human-like object that was currently standing in the nude outside in broad fucking daylight.

Maybe people were just so fuckin cynical by this point that they just didn't give a good God damn. I looked over and that's when I saw something that caught my interest.

A man was entering the apartment building I had just vacated from. I studied him as I took note that he was dressed in the same corduroy jumpsuit that the headless dude in the apartment was wearing. He was carrying a large trash bag in his arms as he entered the building, looking around to ensure that nobody saw him before he disappeared inside of the building.

Turning away from the crowd of people, I followed the man back into the apartment building, keeping my distance from him as he made his way up the stairway towards the apartment. I followed him, hearing him humming a strange little tune while he made his way back to the same apartment I had escaped from.

I made my way to the door, hesitating to push it open for fear of freaking the guy out. Still, I had to know what he was doing.

Slowly, I pushed the door open a crack to peer within and saw him sitting at the table with the garbage bag on the floor beneath him leaking blood out. I entered the apartment, hugging the wall as I peered around the corner to watch him in all of his filth. He was a sweaty and slimy looking man, working his way through the bag as his tongue hung out of his mouth.

I watched as he pulled bloody human limbs out of the bag and placed them on the table, intent on setting them in some order as he arranged them. Squinting, I could see a shotgun near him, the body on the floor having disappeared from my sight. The wall was clear of the brains and bloody mess that had splattered over it.

The man finally stood up before moving into the backroom.

My room.

He returned not a moment later as he brought a human-sized mannequin out of the backroom, kissing it and licking over its face. I covered my mouth as I took note of the mannequin’s green eyes. I knew it looked familiar.

It was me.

I was the mannequin he was worshiping. I choked back a gasp as I watched the man grip a knife in hand and begin stripping flesh from the body parts on the table. He ripped the flesh off in long strips and sloppily used a staple gun to fashion the bloodied skin together, draping it on the mannequin before him.

He'd stop occasionally to wipe the sweat off his brow or to molest the mannequin with his grubby hands, but then, he'd get back to work. He put his heart and soul into covering the mannequin in human skin that left it a mess of human flesh and worms and filth. He looked at the mannequin once he had finished decorating it to his liking and smiled. He then spoke in a haggard voice, "With my life, I will give you life; with my soul, I'll give you a soul; and with my death, I'll give you existence."

The man lifted the mannequin back up and took it into the backroom, returning seconds later, crying his eyes out in gaping tears. I didn't understand any of this and looked down, trying to make sense of what I was seeing. I didn't know what to expect. I didn't even know what I was seeing.

If this was a flashback or if I was in real time, I didn't know. I didn't even know what real time was. I wasn't human. I was a mannequin.

An enormous crack of thunder brought my attention back up as I spotted the man's body now on the floor, smoking shotgun in hand and brains decorating the wall of the apartment. I felt my heart beginning to rush as I turned to exit the apartment again. I ran down the stairway and leapt out of the building, looking around to try to find some form of help.

I made it not further than the sidewalk before I heard someone scream and turned to my right. A large gaping pair of sharp jaws made their way right into me, jaws of a giant tortoise snatching me up in its powerful maw. I screamed out in horror as the tortoise clenched its hold on me, shattering my frame under the rotting skin and I fell to pieces on the road.

My eyes watched as the giant reptile made its way down the road, snapping up others and a fresh cloud of blood splashed into my face. I was in pieces, unable to move or understand, unable to do much else beyond let the darkness take me over. Nothing made sense to me.

Nothing ever made sense.

Not that it mattered now.

I woke with a start, early that morning as I discovered that I was currently out of my mind. I wondered what exactly I would find if I looked out the window and it was then that I saw a large tortoise walking down the street, its shell a pale green and its head the size of a Volkswagen car. Disbelieving my eyes, I rubbed them not once but twice, looking through the window again and even then, I still saw the giant tortoise walking down the street.

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THE LOOKING GLASS

You just finished stuffing your face with the ninth taco you bought from that shitty little Tex-Mex restaurant down the street. It seems like good stuff, but unfortunately, you never can be quite sure what they put in the meat.

It's definitely a mystery meat kind of day for you. Stomach grumbling, you reach down to caress your tummy and that's when it hits you. A severe case of the bubble guts. Ugh, you know what this means, you're going to be hitting the toilet before you know it.

Dropping the tenth taco before you have a chance to shove it in your mouth, you stand up and instantly begin the quick jog to the bathroom. The porcelain is nice and clean, not for long, you think to yourself. Pulling down your pants, you sit your ass on the bowl and begin the release the beast all over the inside of the bowl itself.

It is kind of strange how you can feel better expelling waste out of your bunghole when vomiting usually makes you feel like shit. One of the many mysteries of life.

After an agonizing moment of pure pain, you come to the realization that one of your hemorrhoids must have burst and will require proper attention once you finish blowing the load out of your ass. The relief is instantaneous and you can already start feeling better once you finish getting the last bit of the turd out of you.

A breath of fresh air exits your mouth as you continuously breathe in and out. It's a freaking Christmas miracle. And it’s not even Christmas!

Reaching across from where you’ve planted your butt, you grab hold of a roll of toilet paper and slowly roll the ply around your hand twice. Any more and you’re wasting, any less and your touching; no, twice is enough for anyone.

Especially with the price of TP being so crazy nowadays.

God, you think to yourself, if only you’d bought stock in Angel Soft before Covid hit. You could have been making a killing now instead of being a bum. Toilet thoughts…

Reaching under your ass, you wipe the remnants of feces from your anus and ensure that you take care not to harm the ruptured hemorrhoid. Those little flesh balloons are the worst things ever made. Why would God harm humanity with the creation of painful bits on the rosebud?

Reaching into your drawer, you retrieve a mirror from within and set it on the floor of the bathroom. Staying in a squatting motion, you crawl off the pot and hunch down over the mirror, looking down to check out the damage done to your anus. Its a dirty job, but eh, you know that nobody else is going to do it.

At least not for free.

Pulling your cheeks apart, you notice the bit of blood that can be wiped away with a soft tissue and breathe another sigh of relief. You were almost expecting the worst of the matter, but alas, you didn’t permanently injure your asshole.

However, something catches your eye.

You pull your ass further apart to look directly into the mirror and spot something directly inside of your anus. Its a face!

Swallowing, you watch as the face sports a pair of black sunglasses and a thin mustache. You pull the cheeks further apart to reveal the man is dressed in a black sweater and in his right hand he’s holding a large Bowie knife. Your heart starts beating quickly as your focus more on the sight of the man. The actions he’s preparing to engage in.

It’s then that you realize exactly where he’s at.

Your best friend’s house!

He’s getting ready to do a home invasion. You know your friend doesn’t have a security system. Really, who does anymore?

Releasing your right ass cheek, you dig into your pants and whip out the phone. Your friend is on speed dial. You call them immediately, sputtering into the phone when they answer, “Someone’s outside your house! Call the cops! Watch out! This is not a prank!”

Dropping the phone, you reach down to pull your ass apart again and watch as the would-be killer is suddenly stopped by the sound of the door being locked, the lights turning on and the sound of someone shouting from within. You breathe a sigh of relief as you realize your friend listened to you instead of playing it off as a dumb prank.

Looking further, you freeze as the killer stares directly at you, his eyes focused on your face as you look at him through the mirror in the looking glass of your asshole. You have no words. You can only pray he doesn’t actually see you. You can only hope he has no idea of what he’s looking at.

It’s not likely, after all, he isn’t staring into his own asshole. He can’t see you unless he sees you in his sunglasses.

Without warning, he surges forward with the blade several times and instantly, you feel cold steel enter your colon from within your asshole. You scream out in pain, falling forward as blood sprays out of your ass from a knife wound. You scramble around on the ground and try to stop the bleeding, the wound forcing your colon to bleed profusely whilst you reach for your phone.

You can feel everything growing cold as you finally palm the phone and drag it closer to your face, dialing 911. You try to speak, but alas, you feel the voice leaving you faster than you can form words. Your friend may still be able to call the police on your behalf. They’ll find you.

Just not in time.

The lights of the bathroom fade as your eyes are overcome with darkness and the last thing you feel is the continuous pouring of blood flooding out of your asshole, the blade having perforated your organs and hacked up your hemorrhoids.

One last regret pervades your mind before death robs you of your life.

GODDAMN MYSTERY MEAT TACOS!

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

International Bestselling Author of Trash Horror!

Jerry Blaze is an award-nominated author of extreme splatterpunk fiction.
After achieving success in the erotic market, Jerry decided to undertake extreme horror/splatterpunk and found some acclaim.

Jerry is a fan of grindhouse and exploitation films from the 70s and 80s, often modeling his work on them. He currently lives in the American Midwest, but travels often to get inspiration or to run away from angry mobs.

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